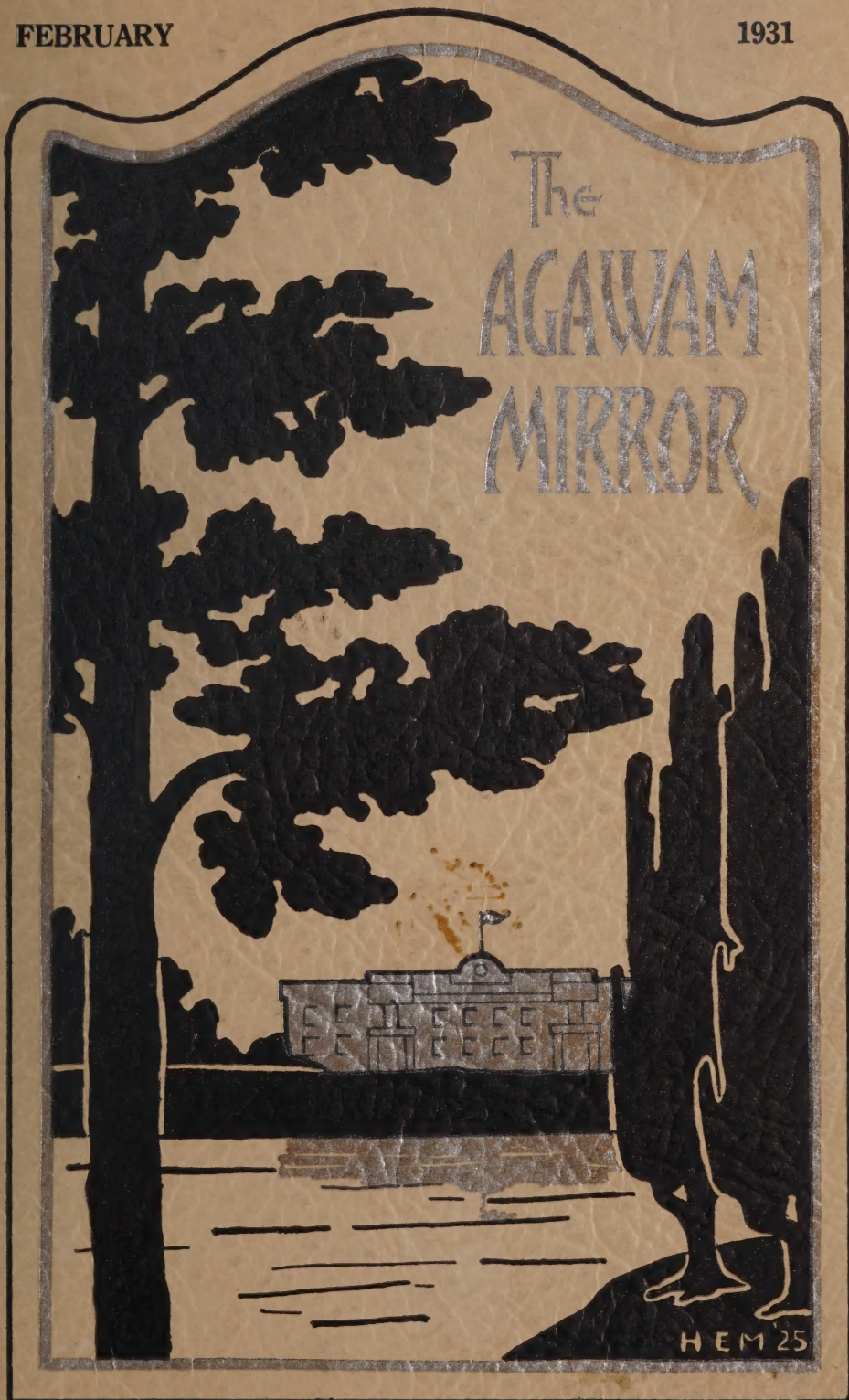


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Shelter

By VERDA FITZGERALD

Joan was aware that the rim of the sulphur colored sun was sinking slowly behind the clouds, as the deep rumble of an impending summer storm pounded in the distance. She accelerated the speed of her rakish red roadster, preparing for a race with the storm clouds to Glens Falls, her immediate destination.

The hum of the motor gave her added courage as she sped along the country road and she felt confident that her powerful car would enable her to reach the city before the storm broke.

She had travelled only a few miles when, suddenly, without any warning, the car sighed gently and slid to a stop at the bottom of a long hill. She pressed the starter, but still the car refused to move. Looking at the gas gauge she found to her great surprise that it registered EMPTY.

Joan got out of the car and looked up and down the road, but it was quite deserted. It was not the main road; it was a little unfrequented road that she had taken because it cut off five miles of her journey.

She leaned against the car and reviewed the situation. Here she was, stranded on a country back road, and the black threatening thunder-storm was approaching with incredible rapidity. As far as she could remember, she had not passed a house for at least two miles back. Now it was so dark that it was necessary for Joan to switch on the lights of her roadster. She decided that the only thing to do was to walk up the road a ways with the hope of finding a house or

some place that afforded shelter from the approaching storm.

She started at a brisk pace along the highway and had covered about a quarter of a mile when she saw a faint light shining from a house some distance from the road. With a grateful sigh she turned up the pathway and began her approach to the house. It seemed to be all in darkness, with the exception of the one light which appeared to the girl like an evil eye leering at her through the darkness. The wind which had been blowing steadily rose to a shriek, as Joan came nearer to the house. It was almost a warning, but yet some inner sense stronger than her own will urged her on.

She stepped to the door and knocked loudly. Receiving no answer to her repeated knocks, she turned the knob of the door; it yielded readily to her touch. She hesitated a moment, but the sudden gust of wind and the driving rain decided her. She stepped quickly across the threshold and entered a dark hallway.

A musty odor gave the impression that the house had not been occupied recently. She stood still, nervously wondering what to do. As if in answer to her question, somewhere down the hall a door opened and a woman emerged, carrying a lighted candle. As the figure drew nearer, Joan beheld the strangest person she had ever encountered.

The woman was tall and gaunt, her hair which was jet black was drawn straight back from a face white and ghastly in the candle-light. Dark, tragic eyes pierced through the girl as she stood waiting to see what the woman would say or do.

Outside, the storm was raging in all its fury. The rain beat against the windows in torrents and the strong wind fairly rocked the house.

"Well, what brings you here on such a night as this to disturb me?" she said, in a dull hollow voice, and holding the candle so that she could peer into the face of the terrified girl.

Joan controlled her voice with an effort and told the woman of her trouble with the car and the desire to get protection from the storm.

The strange woman kept her eyes fixed on Joan, and she never stirred. Then she turned and motioning Joan to follow, said, "Well, I cannot turn you out in this storm; come with me and I will give you shelter for the night; but remember, as soon as it is daylight I expect you to go. I never have visitors."

With Joan following, the woman mounted the winding stairs. Opening a door at the right, she entered, and taking another candle from a table, lighted it and placed it on the bureau. After hastily preparing the room, the weird woman turned to leave, saying as she did so, "Sleep well" and again as she reached the door, paused and half turning, said "Sleep well."

Joan's first feeling was one of relief that she had been left alone, and she went immediately to the door with the intention of turning the key in the lock, but to her disappointment there was no key, and no other visible means of locking the door. "Well," she said to herself, "I guess I am just a little unstrung from all this excitement and feel danger where none exists; surely no harm can come to me. Just because that poor woman looks weird is no sign that she is dangerous or means to do me harm. The most sensible thing I can do is to get to bed and get some sleep, and yet I do not feel the least bit tired."

It was a large room. The bedroom suite was of black walnut, of Mid-Victorian design. The dresser was marble-topped and Joan could not but help comparing it with the one her grandmother had. The braided rug at the side of the bed helped to make the general appearance of the room comfortable.

It was the work of only a few minutes for the tired and nervous girl to undress, blow out the candle, and climb in between the covers to wait for the morning. She did not intend to sleep; indeed, she did not think it

would be possible, but the low moan of the wind, for the storm had nearly spent itself, and the quiet and warmth of the room gradually quieted her nerves and she became conscious of a drowsy feeling creeping over her. She closed her eyes thinking she would just rest, and before many minutes she was sound asleep.

How long she slept she never knew, but suddenly she was wide awake, staring into the darkness, listening intently. At first she heard nothing, but as she continued listening, holding her very breath, she distinctly heard footsteps shuffling down the stairs, growing fainter and fainter as they went.

Springing from her bed she scratched a match and lit the candle; the first place her eye sought was the door. She had left it firmly closed when she retired; now it stood wide open. Someone had been in her room! That was what had awakened her. What should she do? The idea of going back to bed was out of the question. She would dress, she thought, and, with the candle burning, spend the rest of the night in one of the large chairs. But first, she would go out into the hall and listen; the woman might still be walking around. Leaving the candle where it was, she went noiselessly into the dark hall, stood at the top of the long winding stairs, and listened. She could hear someone talking in a low murmuring voice. It would stop and then go on again, the same low murmur, always the same voice, and once or twice, a soft laugh. Who could it be? Perhaps the woman talking to someone, but nobody ever seemed to answer. All this did not serve to quiet Joan's nerves, and she decided she would dress and get out of the house. The open air and her deserted and useless car were preferable to this. The rain had stopped by this time and the wind had entirely died down.

Returning to the room, she prepared to dress. Finally, fully clothed, her hat on, and her bag in her hand, the girl blew out the candle and made her way slowly from the room along the hall and down the stairs, holding the railing with one hand, going carefully so as not to make the slightest sound. As she walked, she was always conscious of that low voice and at intervals, the same laugh, heard more distinctly as she crept softly down the stairs. It seemed to be coming from the room that the woman had come from when Joan had first seen her.

Yes, the door of that room was open. A dim light shone through the doorway, as from a lamp or candle. Step by step she crept along until she stood just outside the room.

Her queer hostess stood talking to a tall and very handsome young man. But what a change in the woman's face! She had seemed so weird and strange; now her countenance was lighted up with a smile and her eyes glowed with happiness as she talked and laughed, sometimes putting out her hand to touch the man's cheek. But he never answered, but only stood there looking at her with that smile that never changed. Joan shifted her position a little, went a step nearer, and as she did so, got a better view of the man, and noticed a greenish cast on the face. With a quick intake of breath she discovered that what she had taken to be a man was a life-size oil painting. The woman paid not the slightest attention to the intrusion, but went right on talking to and caressing the picture.

For a full minute Joan stood rooted to the spot. She couldn't move. She was in this deserted house alone, and the woman must be insane. She must get out! Summoning all her will power she made a dash for the door, and when she was almost within reach of the door, her foot caught in the rolled-up end of a small rug, and she went crashing to the floor. As she lay there partly stunned she heard steps running toward her and before she could regain her footing the woman was bending over her.

"Are you hurt?" she asked putting out her hands and helping the girl to rise. "Why are you not in bed?" "Why are you going, it is not yet light?"

Then, as Joan did not answer, the woman took her by the arm and led her back into the lighted room. "I am afraid I have frightened you badly," she said. "But do not be afraid, I would not harm you or anyone else. I went to your room tonight thinking that you might be hungry. I had thoughtlessly shown you to your room without asking if you were hungry, and without even offering you a cup of tea. You seemed to be sleeping soundly so I left with as little noise as possible. Evidently, I made enough noise to awaken you."

Joan was gradually regaining her composure; she did not tremble so much and she felt more safe, but still she was a long way

from being her natural, courageous self. She could understand the visit to her room, but she could not understand why a woman should stand talking to a picture. Her eyes almost betrayed her doubt as she looked from the woman to the painting. Her strange hostess watched Joan intently and seemed to read her thoughts.

"Did you hear me talking to the picture?" she asked. "You think it strange, no doubt, for you do not understand. Well, I have frightened you, but I certainly did not mean to. There is something about you I like and I feel as though I could trust you with my story." She seated herself near the picture and began:

"I was born and educated in the south. My parents were rich. I was the only child and always had everything I could wish for. I grew up happy and carefree; life was just one happy song, with loads of dear friends and relatives. I cared for them all in the same friendly manner. One night at a party I met Warren. Then everything changed for me. I think it was love at first sight on both sides.

"After a short courtship we were married, and as he had interests in the East, we came here to live. There never was a happier couple. If I had been happy in my old home in the South, I was thrice happy here. This was a beautiful place with flowers and shrubs of all kinds surrounding it. It is all changed now. No one takes care of the grounds and the whole place is slowly going to ruin. But in those days it was a paradise of beauty and was always filled with a gay crowd of our young friends. Then, without warning, like a bolt from a clear sky, the blow fell that wrecked all my happiness. My husband, the same boyish, laughing, young man you see here, went riding on one of his spirited saddle horses and was thrown and killed instantly. Kind friends broke the news to me and tried to console me in every way possible.

"I was sick for weeks, and when I finally recovered, everything was changed. I sent away all my friends, discharged the servants, and closed all but a few rooms of the house. These I live in and take care of myself. I see no one but the people who bring my food and other necessities. The only ray of comfort I have is in talking to his picture. I feel that he hears and answers all I say, or ask him. To you, it no doubt seems unreal;

to me, it is the only real thing of interest left to live for."

She finished her story, and Joan suddenly realized that the tears were coursing down her cheeks. All her fear of the woman before her was gone, and only a deep pity filled her heart for one who had suffered so much and for so long.

The sun had risen and was shining gloriously, two hours later, as Joan stood in the doorway ready to take her departure. Her car had been filled with gas by the boy who brought the milk. He had volunteered to go to the nearest filling station which was only a little way further on, and have the car attended to.

Now she was wishing she could in some way help the woman who was living such a strange and lonely life. The object of her thoughts emerged from the kitchen. She walked straight to the girl and placing her hand on Joan's shoulder said, "Somehow

I think your coming here has helped me; it seems as if a load has been lifted from my heart in just my telling you my story, and for the first time since my husband's death, I am wondering if I am doing right by living as I do."

"I am sure you are very wrong," said Joan, glad of the opportunity the other had given her to speak. I know that your husband would not want you to live such a sad and lonely life, could he know. Perhaps he does know, and for his sake as well as your own, I hope you will change your way of living. I think you will yet find much to live and be happy for." Impulsively, Joan leaned forward and kissed her. Then, walking briskly down the path, she reached the car and slid behind the wheel. As she reached the end of the driveway, she turned and waved her hand to the woman, who was standing in the doorway with a new look of hope shining from her eyes.

THE VILLAGE POSTMAN

The village postman in our town,
Oh, how we love to see him come round,
With his cheery greetings and mail galore,
Who do we enjoy seeing more?

With his bag slung over his shoulder,
And an apple in his hand,
He wouldn't care to change places
With any in the land.

The little tots run to greet him,
They love his wholesome smile;
While the grown folks always stop him
To gossip for awhile.

Who says he isn't happier
Than many an official great,
Who counts his riches daily
And sits in lonely state?

Barbara Halladay, '33.

A Poet's Opinion of Student Writing

An Interview with Edward Markham

By SYLVIA HUNTER

I had been wondering, while replacing my cassock and cotta, how this strange poet with the long white beard and flowing hair would greet me. As the last notes of "Grave Et Legato" died away and the organist rose from his bench I dashed precipitately from the choir-room into the chancel of Trinity M. E. Church, where Edwin Markham had just completed an address on Poetry and the Poet's Trust. I found him holding court above a group of poetry enthusiasts and autograph seekers.

Edwin Markham has the appearance and bearing of a patriarch, yet his eyes have the keen, clear vision of youth. In the long robe which he had worn for the service, he gave the appearance of a Bible Prophet.

Upon being presented to him by a friend, as an interviewer for my school paper, he looked at me sharply saying, "I'll answer any question you ask, provided it's a good one."

Unalarmed by his sharp look, (there were scantily veiled wrinkles in his eyes he couldn't have banished to save him). I asked him whether he thought young people of today were more, or less, sincere in self-expression than they were in his youth. He answered briefly, and to the point, but throughout his entire response I felt as though I had lost all claim to individuality, as though he'd absorbed the question and had withdrawn into himself with only his mind and the question. I had this sensation frequently throughout the interview.

"Well, they're about the same, they do the best they can with what ability they have, but we must remember that they're inexperienced, both with life and with the pen. On the whole, however, they're about as sincere as they know how to be."

"That being the case, what is your advice to young authors?" I next asked.

"Hmmm—well, if you aspire to poetry writing, I say read poetry, much poetry, read and digest Corson's Primer of English Verse. If you wish to write short stories, read short stories, read specific text-books, and study the principle of the short story—a man by the name of Essenwein, of Springfield, wrote an excellent book on this subject—but, aside from all this, you must have a smattering of genius, or all the study in the world will make you nothing more than common-place. Genius, with the aid of study goes far. You can study and study, to write, but without genius you'll make small progress."

He nodded his head decisively, looking far beyond me, as though addressing some audience of which I was merely an unnoted part, then went on, "Yes sir, it's on a par with attempting to make a race-horse out of a plodder. Genius is that spark within a person which is attached to the finger of the Almighty."

"Granting that the method by which English is taught has a very considerable effect on the young author, how does the

(Continued on page 23)



Sketch by Marcel Rioux

Winter Sketches

A WINTRY SCENE IN THE FOREST

Trudging through the solitude of the deep, dark forest, I stopped suddenly. Directly before me was a scene which no artist, however great, could paint. The air resounded with the noise of falling, rushing water. High above me, foaming water tumbled hurriedly over the rocky falls; even Winter with her cold, icy fingers could not hold it in her deadly, frosty grip. Toward the base of the falls, tiny, dainty lacework was clinging to moss covered rocks. After boiling madly just at the base of the falls, a few feet away the water lay tranquil beneath a thin covering of ice. Not a breath of air stirred in the trees. The surrounding hills were covered with a soft, deep blanket of snow. Trees pointed their sharp tops solemnly toward the sky. In a few places

where the sun shone through, millions of diamonds winked and glittered like tiny little fairies dancing in the faltering sunlight.

Elsie Schultz.

FEBRUARY NIGHT

Towards the south stands a weather-beaten shack. On one side a gray box casts its lone shadow in the moonlight. On the other side is a dark garage, met by black patches on the snow where sand has been sprinkled. Over all, the snow and the moon have cast a bluish tint. On the hill, in the background, clothes flap in the yard of a somber house. Farther back, an electric street light burns. Above, each star seems a spear thrust through paper with a shining mirror underneath.

Anna Piazzo.

ALUMNI

Phyllis Letellier, graduate of Bay Path Institute is teaching commercial subjects in the West Springfield High School.

Esther Pond has been ill at her home following an accident.

Paul Rudman and Marion Seaver were married recently.

Eva Richard has been chosen a member in the Bay Path Orchestra. She took part in the Christmas concert on December 18.

Ellen Worthington is a nurse at the Springfield Hospital.

Frank Consolati a junior, with his friend Michael Houlahan, a senior, are back at Notre Dame College.

Rhea Duclos St. John, who has been ill at the New Mercy Hospital, is returning home soon.

Angelina Novelli has entered Bay Path taking the Stenographic Course.

The engagement of Vivian Brown to Hoyt Wakefield of West Springfield has been announced recently.

THE WORK OF THE ART CLASSES

For the past few weeks, the Senior Art Classes have devoted their skill to the designing of book covers and colorful, chalk sketches. Outstanding among these drawings are those of Lucille Syner and Robert Smith. The latter portrays a brick-red toll-bridge and Lucille Syner shows a blue castle high on the cliffs of Fairyland at golden sundown.

At present the classes are beginning the study of anatomy and silhouette travel-posters.

Many excellent, original, winter sketches were submitted to the staff of *The Agawam Mirror* for the present issue but because of limited space only a few were chosen for publication.

The Junior High Art Appreciation Class, completing its study of "The History of Design," is now applying its knowledge to designing original pieces of costume jewelry.

The scenery used in the Junior High production, "Rip Van Winkle," was made by Andrew Gallano.

Marilyn Donaldson.

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(Continued from page 16)

Division 7-3: Earle Bowen, Rena Montagna.

Division 7-1: Patricia Atwater, Edward Burke, Leonard Carulli, Edith Cesan, Madeline Conte, Joseph Figiel, Vincent Gallerani, Rita Galvin, David Guy, Mary Hart, Ethel Jacques, Francis Kennedy, Vincent Masi, Josephine Roffinetti, Doris Rouillard, Phyllis Selevood, Ethel Smith, Melva Smith, Ruth Smith, Richard Taylor, Alfred Tompkins, Clara Vergnani, Elizabeth Weiland, June Wheeler, Jennie Zielinski.

Division 7-4: Thomas Ashe, Julia Assif, William Warriner, Harold Haynes.

AN EPISODE

The Good Citizenship Club consisting of divisions 8-3 and 8-4 recently presented an episode from "The Life of Rip Van Winkle."

The play was presented before the Leaders and Current Events' Clubs.

The characters showed very good talent and co-operation.

The following students took part:

Rip Van Winkle.....	Andrew Gallano
The Sheriff.....	Kenneth Kane
The Orator.....	Robert Johnson
Peter Vanderdonk.....	Lawrence De Forge
An Old Man.....	Frank Mailo
An Old Woman.....	Priscilla Stocker
Judith Gardiner.....	Patricia Tatro
Villagers: Caroline Fusich, May Sherman, Ruth Otis.	

There were also many other villagers.

The program was under the direction of Andrew Gallano, the president of the club.

The scenery was prepared by Bernard Babcock and Andrew Gallano.

Myrtle French played the accordion between the acts.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB'S SKATING PARTY

More than 50 members of the Current Events Club enjoyed the annual skating party, Friday, January 19, at Mill Pond.

Mrs. Phillips, club sponsor, and Mr. Harris, an invited guest, were present. Almost every member present remarked of the good sportsmanship of both eighth grade teachers.

A fire was built on the ice and frankfurters were roasted, after which doughnuts, cinnamon buns, and bananas were served.

The ice was perfect for skating, the day was ideal, and everyone had a most delightful time.

Respectfully submitted,
Constance Lavoie,
Secretary.

THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Current Events Club held its annual Christmas party on December 19.

Games were played in the boys' gymnasium, after which partners were chosen and marched to the girls' gymnasium where refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cake, and candy, were served.

The table was prettily decorated with Christmas candles and red roses.

A great deal of fun was caused when it came time to receive the gifts. Each couple approached the center of the gymnasium, was blind-folded and told to find a gift in the extreme corners of the room. This incident caused a great deal of fun for those witnessing the wanderings of the blind-folded victims.

Respectfully submitted,
Constance Lavoie,
Secretary.

(Continued from page 13)

saxophone solos, "12th Street Rag" and "Saxophobia." Miss Grace Brady, accompanied by her Mother, Mrs. Brady, played a cello selection, "A Simple Confession," by Grieg. Miss Marguerite Tatro, accompanied by Mrs. Brady sang two selections, "If I Could Be With You" and "Under a Lilac Tree." "Bob" Hennessey won applause with his clever tap dancing. He was accompanied by his Mother, Mrs. Hennessey. The program was brought to a fine ending by the whirl and novelty skating act of the "Skating Cirdrillos," Natale Cirillo, Peter Maiolo and Joseph Draghetti.

After the entertainment closed there was dancing in the gym. Music was furnished by Charles Marsh, Elaine LaFleche and Julius Thormeyer.

The next meeting of the league will be held late in March at the Westfield High School.

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(Continued from page 15)

Agawam 32—Palmer 9

On January 16, Agawam defeated Palmer for its third consecutive victory in the Twin State League, by a score of 32-9 in a rough and exciting game. 33 personal fouls were called—22 on Palmer and 11 on Agawam. Four players were ejected—3 of Palmer's and 1 of Agawam's. The first half was close and Agawam led by a score of 9-7 when the teams left the floor for the rest period. The last half was a different story as the score shows. The game was regularly interrupted by the noise of the referee's whistle. There were no individual stars, but Benoit and Jones each scored nine points.

Trade 18—Agawam 17

Agawam met its first defeat of the season at the hands of Trade School of Springfield, by an 18-17 margin in an overtime game at the Boys' Club on January 20. Agawam led all the way until two minutes from the end of the regulation time. Jones' basket, a few seconds before the final whistle sent the game into an overtime period. Murphy's foul for Trade was the only score in this period and was the margin of victory. For Trade, Burke scored 12 points, while Jones and Tisdell each got credit for six points.

Agawam 18—Enfield 12

On January 23, Agawam continued its string of victories in the Twin State League by defeating Enfield at Enfield by 18-12. The game was close throughout. Jones and Angelica were high scorers for their respective teams.

Agawam 19—Ware 14

By defeating Ware at Agawam on January 27, Agawam completed the first round of the Twin State League without a defeat. Agawam was handicapped by sickness as Benoit and Tisdell played against doctor's orders. Ware showed most of its strength in the last half but Agawam could match every point. Daly was outstanding for Agawam while Kozik played well for the visitors.

Agawam 19—Tech 10

Agawam made it two straight over Tech when it defeated that high school at Agawam on January 30. Tech could sink only three field goals which were long shots but yet the team played good defensive basket-

ball itself. Smith and Jones were high scorers for Agawam.

Individual Scoring

Player	Baskets	Fouls	Points
Jones.....	29	14	72
Daly.....	19	10	48
Moseley.....	13	3	29
Tisdell.....	6	13	25
Smith.....	11	2	24
Benoit.....	6	5	17
DeForge.....	1	1	3
Provost.....	1	1	3
R. Nacewicz.....	1	0	2
S. Nacewicz.....	0	1	1
Agawam.....	87	50	224
Opponents.....	30	27	87

(Continued from page 17)

Central Recorder, Central H. S., Springfield, Mass.

Commerce, High School of Commerce, Springfield, Mass.

The Mangrove, St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras.

Mercedes, Our Lady of Mercy H. S., Rochester, N. Y.

Monsonia, Monson H. S., Monson, Mass.

The Palmer, Palmer H. S., Palmer, Mass.

The Signboard, Bay Path Institute, Springfield, Mass.

Florence Bradford.

(Continued from page 9)

method of teaching of English today differ from that employed in the days of your pedagogical experience? Is the system, from your point of view better, or worse?"

"Well, in my day we analyzed everything, from the beginning of the class until its close. We studied literature for its grammar and construction, more than for its beauty of thought and expression. However, I think that the present informal discussion method, excellent though it is, should be, combined with direct questions concerning the assigned lesson, to see that none of the scholars have been sleeping at the switch."

As he concluded, his host appeared and knowing that a reception awaited the poet at the manse, I thanked him, and took my leave.

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(Continued from page 14)

- b. Take at least one hot bath a week (other than showers at school).
- c. Drink no tea or coffee.
4. Must come out for at least 2 class teams and get 56 points from the following:
 - 3 a. Class team— $\frac{1}{2}$ point given to everyone who comes out for practice but doesn't play.
 - 5 b. Brown and Orange.
 - 50 c. Cleanliness and Equipment.
 - 10 d. All Agawam.

Total of 256 points necessary.

Numbers one and two must be perfect, but a reasonable number of mistakes will be allowed in number three and "c" of number four.

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THE VIEW FROM THE KNOLL

From a knoll rising slightly over the rest of the country, one can see the snow sparkling and spreading in unimaginable whiteness below. In places, where tall grass is standing above the snow, are long shadows. The moon with the help of the snow makes night like day? The only contrast comes from the tall, majestic trees whose large limbs are bright and reflecting where the rays of the full moon rest, and dark as a moonless, starless night on the opposite side. Beyond, the road looks dark and lonely; no reflection comes from its dark macadamized surface.

James Samble.

FRIENDS

By Helia Aho

There are many kinds of friends,
Those that are honest and true,
Those that are friendly sometime,
But what kind of a friend are you?

There are those that can look you in the eye,
Those that are honest and true,
There are those that are friendly when needy,
But what kind of a friend are you?

There are those that are friendly to be pleasant,
Those that are honest and true,
There are those that will stand by you always,
But what kind of a friend are you?
—From *The Ranger*, Chisholm High School,
Chisholm, Minn.

STARS

By Evan John

Ten thousand lights were gleaming there,
A million stars were bright—
But, oh, my mother's face was fair
On that entrancing night.

The world looked up and saw the skies,
In myriad beauty shine—
I looked into my mother's eyes,
And all the world was mine.
—From *Red and White*, Lake View High,
Chicago, Ill.

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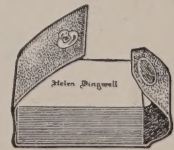
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